



HAZEL LATHROP, SOPRANO.

HAZEL LATHROP'S work as a soprano attracted attention a few years ago at a small musical recital in an Eastern Conservatory. She was sent to Europe as a young girl to study in the Sterns Conservatory at Berlin. She finished her studies, and after a few months spent in a concert tour through Europe she came back home and is now recognized as one of the greatest sopranos of America. There is this that is charming in Hazel Lathrop—she was at one time a very plain little American girl. Now that she is a great singer, she loves to sing the songs not only that are classics, but the songs that are loved by every person. She sings the songs that are dear to every heart and yet sings them in a thoroughly artistic way—sings them as only an artist can sing.



H. RUTHVEN MACDONALD, CANADIAN BARITONE.

H. RUTHVEN MACDONALD is the favorite baritone of the Dominion of Canada. He is thoroughly Canadian. He was born and reared in the British possession and received a greater part of his musical education in its great musical centers. He spent a few months a year or so ago on a tour of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and everywhere he was given a great ovation. He was received by the peers of that great realm and sang in some of the greatest of its royal palaces and music halls. He is not so well known to American audiences because he has traveled little in this country. He is coming here this summer as a Chautauqua attraction, and his coming will be one of the notable events of that great week.

Marriage Licenses.

Joseph M. Racine (22) and Bertha Baker (18), both of Trenton. Married by Rev. J. J. Haggerty, May 23. Jewell S. Brush (23) and Rosa B. Crosby (17), both of Bartley. Married on May 24th by county judge. Otto E. Tull (23) and Emma Vanduff (22), both of Arapahoe. Married by Rev. L. E. Lewis, May 24th. Alvin H. Murray (25) of Plattsmouth and Lilyan Budig (21) of McCook. Married on May 25th by Rev. L. E. Lewis. Jake Hoffman (23) and Annie Leback (21), both of McCook.

Albert B. Bellamy (23) and Leona Pearl Moslander (22), both of Cambridge. Married by Rev. D. L. McBride, May 31st. Leon Russell (21) of Indianola and Laura Edith Shoemaker (17) of Bartley. Huber's coffee cannot be beat. Coffee from 15 cents to 35 cents, and "Wedding Breakfast" heads the list. Pure Gold flour from winter wheat at Magner's.

CANINE HUMOR.

More Marked in Mongrels Than in Dogs With Pedigrees.

I generally find, writes a well known English scientist, that mongrel dogs when they happen to be sociable have a keen sense of humor. An aristocratic dog with a pedigree may have some inherited smartness, but has no originality. A common yellow dog with no ancestry to speak of, who has to gain his living by his wits, could give him cards and spades at his own tricks in two lessons.

Once I took into the house out of pity a mongrel yellow dog who insisted on installing himself at my doorstep and always came back, no matter how often he was chased away. I had at that time a pedigreed water spaniel, and I tried to teach him some tricks when I took him out along a quiet road at times. The yellow dog, who made friends with him, always came along and beat the water spaniel at his own tricks without training. Then he began to play tricks of his own on the spaniel. When he had a bone he looked out for his comrade, and when he saw him loping along he would lay the bone in his path and disappear. The spaniel always made for the bone, but the yellow dog, just as he was about to grab it, would dart from his hiding place and, seizing it, run off with it. This happened over and over again, but the high bred spaniel never tumbled to the joke.—New York World.

TEN KINDS OF MONEY.

But Not All of Uncle Sam's Assortment is Legal Tender.

Uncle Sam officially has ten kinds of money—gold coins, standard silver dollars, subsidiary silver, gold certificates, silver certificates, treasury (1890) notes, United States (greenbacks) notes, national bank notes, nickel coins and bronze coins—says the Indianapolis News. While some of this paper currency is not legal tender, minor coins are legal tender in small amount. Legal tender is so called because in payment of a debt or obligation of any kind it can be forced on the creditor "in full of all demand."

Gold certificates, silver certificates and national bank notes, despite the enormous quantity in circulation, are not legal tender. So far as silver coin is concerned, only \$10 worth of "halves," "quarters" and "dimes" are legal tender, and, as to nickel and copper coins, only 25 cents can be forced on the creditor. However, with the standard silver dollar there is no limit to the amount to be paid in liquidation of a debt. The creditor cannot refuse the silver certificate, but when it comes to the "dollar of the dead" the dollar must be received at its face value, even if a thousand weigh 99.92 pounds.

Jack Robinson.

A. Foxton Ferguson of Oxford university, speaking of the old time ballads, said that as most of the public executions took place in some park or market place, where everybody could be present, the onlookers oftentimes amused themselves by singing ballads giving the entire history of the victim, and this is the reason why so many of the old songs are concerned with the hangman and the gallows tree. Particularly interesting also was his description of the origin of the expression "quicker than you can say Jack Robinson," heard so often in both England and America. It came, he said, from an old ballad about a sailor named Jack Robinson, who returned to Portsmouth, England, to find his old sweetheart married to another. The poor sailor vowed that he would roam the seas forever, which he set out to do hardly before his friends realized what he was doing. They called after him, but he had gone.

Why Business Fell Off.

Two London business men were talking when a seedy individual came up and spoke to one of them. After he had gone the one to whom he had spoken said to his friend: "That's a brother of mine and about the most unfortunate fellow in the world. I have set him up in business three times. The last time I bought a pork shop business for him in a place called Barking. After a few weeks he wrote and said the business had all dropped off. Would I come up? I went, and the first thing that caught my eye was a ticket in the window inviting the public to 'Try Our Barking Sausages.'"

Making the Cormorants Work.

The cormorants are among the most interesting and useful birds in the world. They are employed in the fishing industry off the coast of Scotland to a large extent. They are easily trained to work for their owners, who place a brass ring round each of their throats so as to prevent the birds swallowing. They naturally feed upon fish and soon learn to deposit what they catch in their owners' boats. They display remarkable cleverness in time, and a good fisher is worth a good deal of money to a fisherman.

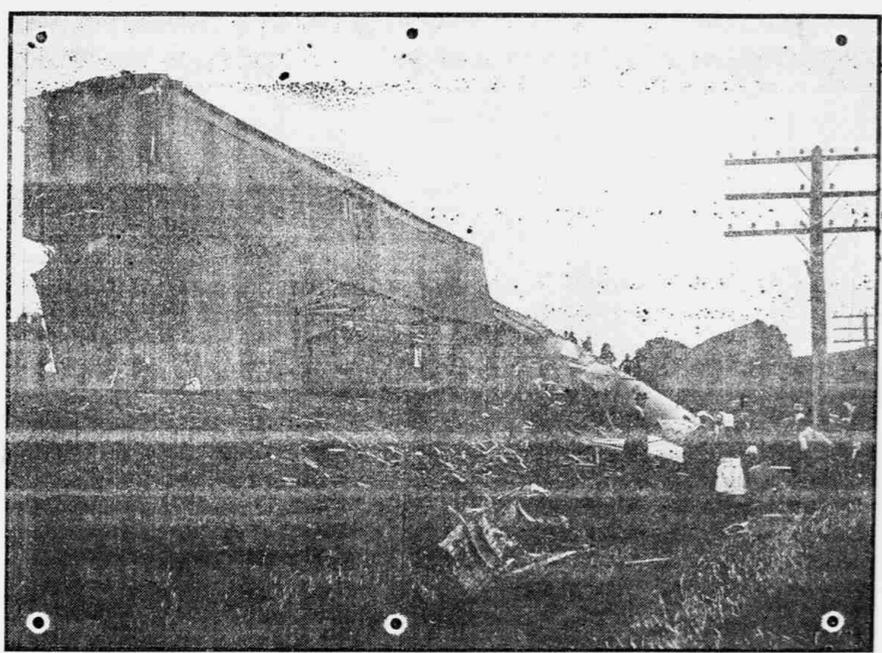
Lottery Chances.

M. Henri Poincare, the mathematician, told us a few years ago that if every one who buys a lottery ticket knew how little chance there was of any one winning a prize there could be no successful lottery. The chance of such was about equal to the danger of being killed in a railway accident.—London Truth.

The Greater Field.

"Father, I am not sure whether I shall be a specialist for the ears or the teeth." "Choose the teeth, my boy. Every one has thirty-two of them, but only two ears."—London Tit-Bits.

SCENE OF MONDAY MORNING'S WRECK AT INDIANOLA



OLD NEWSPAPERS.

Their Usefulness is Not Gone Just Because You Have Read Them.

The mere fact that moths cannot read is no reason why they should detest newspapers, but they do nevertheless. It isn't exactly the newspaper or its editorial policy that moths dislike. It's the ink used in printing the type that makes the moths stay away. That is why, in the absence of mothproof bags and cedar chests, some housewives pack their furs and woollens away wrapped in newspapers at the end of the winter season and find that is a satisfactory way of preserving them against the ravages of moths. There is nothing better than old newspapers for use under the carpets for the same reason.

Old newspapers have many other uses as well. Wet in water they serve to clean out the stove splendidly. Crumpled newspapers are excellent to clean soap chimneys. They can even be used for an iron holder for an ironing board.

Newspapers dipped in linseed oil are useful for cleaning windows. Irons and metal rods are polished by old newspapers and thus made fit for use. If laid in many of them are splendidly polished on the outside of the dishpan.

They keep bright and shining. Torn in shreds, slightly dampened and scattered over the carpet, they keep down dust when sweeping. They clean the sink of grease and sediment. Nothing is better for the greasy paper can be put on a towel after use.

Many times rotted newspapers will serve as a mat to stand hot and blackened pots or bottles on and save the kitchen table. The hot iron stove is kept bright after the covering of each row with old papers, and this saves many paintings.

LIFE BUOY AND OAR.

Putting on the Oar and Supporting Yourself With the Oiler.

Very few persons know how to get into a life buoy, and, as in this uncertain world one never knows when one may need to make use of a buoy in real earnest, a little practice might prove of great value in an emergency. Now, when the buoy is thrown into the water the temptation is to try to lift it over one's head and shoulders or to dive through it. This, however, is impossible. The correct thing is to grasp the two sides of the buoy with fingers of the hands uppermost, lower yourself under the buoy and come up through the center, then rest your arms upon the sides, and you will be comfortably supported as long as it is necessary.

More often than otherwise, in case of accident, a life buoy is not at hand. In such an event an oar may be used as a substitute. Now, there is some

little art in saving oneself by this means, for an average sized scull is not buoyant enough to support a person if grasped as the first impulse would direct.

There is only one way in which the oar will support a human being. It must be ridden like a hobbyhorse. The haft is put between the legs and the blade allowed to project above the surface of the water in front of one. By this means the head is kept well above the water.—Pearson's Magazine.

Feeling For Death.

For a week the self appointed guide to the blind on their daily walks had noticed that the two men who were her special charges felt carefully of the wall on either side of the door of the asylum when passing in and out. Since she was there to lead them, her precaution seemed not at all necessary, and she finally asked their reason for it.

"I am looking for craps on the door," said one man to her. "Other deaf men to be sure have a habit of touching the wall, but they put their hands on the wall and feel for it. It was a mistake in and out, and I don't know for what reason when one of us has gone."—New York Press.

How Fielding Spelled His Name.

The Fieldings are an ancient race and the family name dates from 1022. By one way there is a funny story as regards the family name and its spelling. The ancestor of "Tom Jones" was one of the race, and the then Lord Pembroke said to his relative, "Why don't you spell your name 'Fielding' as the rest of us do and not 'Fielding'?"

The writer made answer, "Because I am the first of the family who learned to spell."—London Gentlewoman.

African Giants.

There are many giants in Africa nine feet high. Some of them weigh 200 pounds and are strong enough to kill a panther at one blow. Perhaps you think such big fellows must be clumsy, but they are not. They can run faster than any horse, springing twelve to fourteen feet at a leap. This all sounds like a fairy story, but not so when you hear that these African giants are—ostriches.

In New York.

"The woman across the hall from us is dead."

"How did you find that out?"

"Why, I happened to see it in the paper."—Life.

Beginning Young.

Parent—Is my boy precocious, do you think? School Principal—Very. He told the teacher he had been sitting up with a sick friend.—Puck.

SCENE OF MONDAY MORNING'S WRECK NEAR INDIANOLA

